

The overwhelming impression in the chamber was of darkness. And mist.
The overwhelming impressions in the chamber were darkness and mist. And an almost tangible sense of evil.
The three overwhelming
Among the overwhelming impressions in the chamber were darkness, mist and an almost tangible sense of evil.

The white-robed figure rubbed his neck. It had been a long night thus far, but he would soon be finished. He turned back to the open tome before him and continued to read the arcane calligraphy (It was penned in black, not the usual rust-red color.) He turned, and lifted a vessel of quicksilver, which he proceeded to pour into a groove cut into the tabletop. When this was filled to his satisfaction he placed three items within the pentacle formed by the quicksilver: a scroll, a branch, and a vessel filled with elemental black.

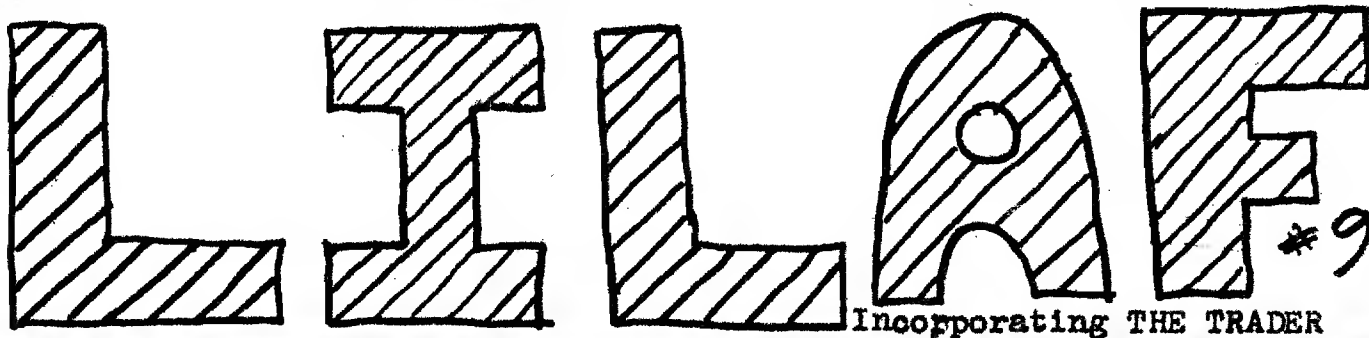
The robed one stood, the top of his hood almost touching the ceiling of the chamber. He spread his arms and gestured towards the pentacle. He spoke, "Demon! Hear me! I summon you! In the name of the elder g-ds, and in the unspoken (and hard to spell) name of their prophet! In the name of the Gre-" he cut off in midsentence, startled by a flash of flame. When the smoke cleared, a small, grey figure stood in the pentacle.

"Who dares summon me?"

"I dare, and thou must obey, in return for fair recompense."

"Yea, thou hast done thine homework. Well, bidst."

"Take the articles provided within the pentacle, and fashion out of them



Incorporating THE TRADER

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The Free City of New York

Lilaf is a science fiction amateur magazine. It is published by FWS Publications, and edited by Thomas Philip Gould, 40 West 77th Street, New York City 10024. My phone number is (212)-874-3633, but the best time to call is from ten to eleven at night, local time. Lilaf will accept articles from anyone, as well as letters of comment (locs); Subscription credit will be paid for articles and locs at a rate of one dollar per page. Subscriptions are encouraged at eight issues for two dollars, a rate which may soon go up, as the United States Postal Service has decided to raise its rates. Lilaf has as its areas of concentration science fiction, simulation gaming, the editor's personal life and whatever else catches my eye.

We also run Diplomacy games, and have openings for no gamefee, in regular Diplomacy, The Trader Variant, En Garde, and Conquistador. I don't feel like telling you to whom these titles are trade-marked, so I won't. My reprint policy is you can reprint anything, as long as you ask permission and send me and the author copies.

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FWS Publication #16

P
L
U
The Warmonger, Alan Rowland, 52 Eighth Avenue, Westwood, New Jersey 07675. Subscriptions are 10/\$2, openings in Diplomacy, Kingmaker, gamefee \$2 plus sub. Current issue is number twenty-nine, and it's twenty-two pages long. The issues have been offset (it might have been xerox), but most of this one is mimeo. (I think he'll be doing mimeo this summer, 'cause he has access to Roy Smith's machine. TW is mostly games, news, letters, and press, with mostly a lot of letters. TW would be a perfect dipzine if Alan would use linear separators. I've met him once, and then only for a few seconds at Princecon. He seemed like a nice enough guy. The theme of his zine, if I'm not reading too much into it is his collegiate preoccupation with beer, which is a pleasant change of pace from the preoccupations of other zines, especially Slobbinpolit Zhurnal. TW is a good player's zine with enough left over that I don't get bored. At a cost less than Lilaf's, The Warmonger is certainly worth subscribing for.

G
S
Brew and Reefer, Roy Smith, 64 Addicks Road, Westwood, New Jersey 07675. Subscriptions are 1\$/per page plus postage, so I suppose that you should send a lump sum, and he'll do the book-keeping. There's no gamefee, but a deposit of two dollars is required which you get back if you don't NMR out. There are openings in Regular Diplomacy, Absolute Diplomacy, and (tada) the Trader Variant. The current issue is number one, and it's four pages long. My relationship with Roy goes back at least ten months, when he was the first subber to Lilaf. B&R isn't very much yet, but send him some money and see what he does with it. (He is giving sub credit for articles, press, and letters.)

Brutus Bulletin, John Michalski, 913 NE 6th St., Moore, Oklahoma 73160. Subs \$1.75 for all issues until 1 December 1978. There are no game openings. Current issue is number eight, and it's eighteen pages long. BB is produced by xerox, which must be cheaper in Oklahoma than it is in New York, and most of its contents are letters, with games, reprints from magazines, games, the editor speaking making up the remainder. John puts out a very readable zine, with some credit going to his letter-writers, and the rest to John for having letter-writers (plus the keen sense of judgement with which he selects his reprints, and the sense of humor that accompanies them). 'Tis a goodly zine, well worth the money. (If this is shorter than the other plugs, it's because I sat down to type because I couldn't get to sleep, and now I think I wouldn't have such a hard time falling asleep.)

Urf Durfal, Greg Costikyan, 1675 York Avenue, Free City of New York, 10028. Subscriptions are 8/\$2, openings in Diplomacy and the Youngstown Variant, \$5 deposit for regular dippy, \$3 deposit for Youngstown, forfeited if you drop out, and you lose \$1 each time you NMR, otherwise refunded at the end of the game. Greg will also run any variant that someone else assembles the people for. Current issue is number thirty, and it's twelve pages long. This issue contains an article on the ancient kingdom of Rus in modern-day Russia, an article on the usefulness of the neutron bomb, snip-pets about books, and an article on the sexual mystique of mimeographs, which is the process which Greg uses to turn out Urf. He often carries Kasanof's stuff, which is the best pulp writting since ER Burroughs, as well as occasionally reviewing games, and reprinting worthwhile stuff from The Pouch of eldar days. Urf is a joyous expression of Greg's libertarian spirit, which is a contrast, and a shock, to people's normal way of thinking. BEING KNOCKED OUT OF YOUR RUT IS A GOOD THING. Send Greg two bucks,

Fantasy Game Design

"What do you mean they won't let me use the word Orcs?" by Adam L. Gruen

Before I begin a lengthy sermon on what the importance of fantasy game designing is, it might behoove me and help the reader if I define what a fantasy game is. There are, however, a number of divergent answers to that question. One school of thought lays in the concept of a fantasy game as being -historical. This would include such borderline cases as Operation Olympic (SPI) or Sealowe (SPI), which are based on historical data, but which failed to materialize. (And what of a game such as Third Reich (Avalon Hill)? Isn't invading Portugal in 1940 a fantasy? If so, aren't all games fantasies?

Another answer is that fantasy games are strictly fictional, such as Invasion: America (SPI), Triplanetary (GDW), etc. The easiest example of a fictional game is virtually any science-fiction game, and there are reams of them.

Still another concept of "the fantasy game" is anything dealing with magic--perhaps the ultimate fantasy, since the word fantasy comes from the latin-based Phantasmal, meaning literally "a work of sorcery"--and monsters.

This last is where my allegiance lies. I believe a fantasy game to be one where elements of magic can be found. Now, in Terran history, one finds, not surprisingly, that interest (and terror) of magic dies out in the 18th century, about the time of the Age of Reason (and the flowering of the use of The Calculus). Thus a very strong relationship exists between magic and technology, the latter replacing the former at about the same time as the world economy shifted from agriculture to industry as a source for technological advancement. This is not too surprising, because while industry and technology is based on man-made and understood principles of science, agriculture and magic are ultimately dependent upon variables that cannot be controlled by man.

Anyway, lest this turn into a theoretical discussion of the Age of Reason vs. the Age of Unreason, the point is that fantasy games are ideally suited for situations not involving the use of gunpowder and mechanization--in short, swords and horses. This is why fantasy games are all based in either Ancient or Medieval warfare. On the other hand, I might be accused, and not entirely unfairly, of choosing my definition of terms in such a way that the examples I pick fit my definition--but I think not. Rather, let us say that fantasy games that are not based on human history before 1700 are the exception, not the general case.

So now that the reader is thoroughly confused, I will continue onto the main question, that is: How is fantasy game designing important?

From a designer's point of view, fantasy games are beautiful. S/he need not do research--just make reasearch! The designer, in essence, is G-d--i. is s/he who creates the geography of the world (It took me six months to design the world for Lords and Wizards ((Adam's fantasy boardgame, published by Fantasy Games Unlimited-tpg))...guess I'm a slow worker, because it took you-know-how six days.). Once having created the world, one then

creates characters and races--and where do these beings live? Villages, if they are human. (This is, however, my personal preference, as can be witnessed by the L&W history section, the caption of which reads "Men: The City Dwellers.") Of course, Elves aren't Elves if they don't live in woods (Mallorn trees?), and Dwarves (Ooops, sorry Greg, Thom, and Ben--Dwarrows?)(Really only Ben-tpg) aren't just the same if they don't live in mountains. In L&W, in fact, one finds Rocs/Narques/Skorres living in the high peaks of The World (Gruen-Earth), Dragons living in assorted places, and Orcs living in deserts (Why do you think they have squinty eyes?).

Well, the point of that megillah ((hebrew for scroll, for those of you to whom the holy tongue is obscure-tpg)) is that history kind of makes itself, and, if you have half a brain, it makes some kind of sense after a while. But a fantasy world is a real world too, if the players of the game are to feel a very important sense of familiarity with the game. Hence, warfare isn't the only thing that a designer has to concern himself about; I would divide up a history into five basic segments:

- 1) Politics--How do races get along with each other?
- 2) Economics--How do they survive?
- 3) Social Status--How are the individual races organized, and what are possible sources of friction?
- 4) Religion--Where do these beings come from, and what is their purpose? (I.e.--Why do they exist?)
- 5) Culture--What do all these Elves, Dwarves, Orcs, Humans, Ents, Rocs, Narques, Skorres, Dragons, Trolls, Giants, and Monsters do with their time anyhow?

In the L&W history, the order of answers to such questions was Religion, Social Status, Politics, Economics, and finally culture. This makes very logical sense; the races having been plopped down by The G-ds and given the purpose, the big question became, "How and where do we live?" Which inevitably led to Politics, such as deciding who was going to be leader of whom, and who was going to own what land. Politics leads to war, and war ends in peace, so that finally, when things are settled (Though perhaps only temporarily), the next big question is, "How do we eat?" Which leads to Economics. Once having established some kind of monetary system or barter system, the final category, the real crux of any world is Culture.

This is the essence of a really good fantasy game. Sure, the primary emphasis is still on war--it's a wargame. But for G-d's sake, how the hell is some fancy-ass Lord going to PAY for all his troops? Wizards can't eat magic, either--they have to have some kind of revenue to buy cauldrons and pentagrams, you know. Hence, the very simple taxing system that works so well in L&W was created. In many respects, if I may be so immodest, L&W is truly "The most complete Fantasy game ever produced," as FGU claims on its ads. (I don't say it is the best game--all games have room for improvement--just that, in my biased opinion, it is the most complete and well-rounded.)

Well more on this later. I would welcome any comments, of course, but more important, I suggest that everyone get out and design their own fantasy game--be a G-d just once in your life.

SF REVIEWS

Last issue I started off with books, so this time I'll start off by reviewing a game. The box cover of the game Traveller reads: "This is Free Trader Beowulf, calling anyone...Mayday, Mayday...we are under attack...main drive is gone... turret number one not responding...Mayday...losing cabin pressure fast...calling anyone...please help...This is Free Trader Beowulf..."

Mayday... is the title of Game Designers' Workshop's new Series 120 game (so-named as they each have 120 counters). It has an eight page rules booklet, and four 8 1/8" by 10 3/4" geomorphic maps. Two dice, not included, are necessary to play the game. (GDW supplies two sets of randomizer chips numbered one to six each.) The graphics are nicely done, on what must have been a small budget. The game uses a variant of the starship rules from Traveller, GDW's science fiction role-playing game that was released at last year's Origins '77. They are a variant in that they are much simplified to accommodate the Traveller miniatures rules to a hexgrid, and to do away with the many references to Traveller characters in the old rules. The game has a symmetrical, alternating player-turn sequence of play (essentially move, fire, move fire) and a simple, two-dimensional movement system that makes Mayday a very playable game. The counters have silhouettes of spaceships, with letters on them for identification purposes. Characteristics for the ship types listed in Traveller, as well as some new ones, are listed in the rules. The scale of the game is one hex is 300,000 km across, and each game-turn is 100 minutes. At this scale the Earth and the Moon are included in one hex, and the distance from the Earth to the sun is 500 hexes. The only section noticeably more complex than in Traveller is the missile rules, where several new types of missiles have been introduced. My only regret about this game is that GDW did it as a Series 120, for I feel that it would be even better if GDW could have lavished their graphic expertise on it. Still, at \$5 it's one of the better buys among sf games right now, whether you will use it as part of a Traveller campaign, or just as a game in itself. (For GDW's address see the frontcover.)

When John Michalski sent me a copy of the Brutus Bulletin's mailing list I sent out sample copies of Lilaf to those noteworthies. So far I have gotten about three responses, all from traders. Ho, hum. Well, anyway, one of these responses was from one Craig A Reges, publisher of Against the Odds, who included a review of a popular science fiction series, to wit

JOHN CARTER OF MARS. (Barsoom Series) review by Craig A. Reges. No, John Carter is not another long lost relative of our chief executive. John Carter is a Virginian who, in the famous series by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ballantine, \$1.25 each, 11 volumes) finds himself suddenly on Mars, a dying planet where life does exist. Mars is losing its air, and except for the Great Toonolian Marshes and a couple of well isolated spots, is devoid of standing bodies of water. The inhabitants of Mars are kept alive by giant atmosphere stations. There are red men, green men, yellow men, black men, and white men. There are even synthetic men. The code of Mars (or Barsoom, as its inhabitants refer to it) is one of complete chivalry. Insult one of the women of Mars and you either find yourself impaled on a sword by a defender of her honor or she runs you through with her own dagger. Every male Barsoomian is equipped with a short sword, a long sword, a pistol and a dagger. Barsoomians are hatched from eggs, and like nothing better than to die on a sword point. Very much like the Vikings.

John Carter is prospecting out in the Arizona desert when he and his partner are attacked by Apaches. (Mind you, the first book of this series was published in 1912.) The partner gets the short straw and tries to go find help. He don't make it, folks. John Carter hides in a cave where he falls into a deep slumber. He wakes up on Barsoom. (Don't read the series to find out how he gets there, by the way, That's never mentioned.)

Carter falls into the clutches of the green men of Thark. They are about to run him through when he jumps, perhaps 150 feet! Of course, the lower gravity of Barsoom has made him much stronger than before, and he can leap great distances. The Trarks decide to keep him as a present to their big chief. He is given free reign of the camp, except that a giant watchdog, Woola, takes charge of him and won't let him leave the confines of the camp. Woola is a calot. "About the size of a Shetland pony and has ten short legs. The head bears a slight resemblance to a frog, except that the jaws are equipped with three rows of longs, sharp tusks." He gains fame when he kills two of the Tharks minor chieftains in hand-to-hand combat and short swords respectively. He does that to save a red woman, "the incomparable Dejah Thoris" a Princess of Mars (title of the first book) and of Helium especially, the most powerful empire on Barsoom. John Carter goes on to become the greatest swordsman of three worlds eventually. (Getting to Jupiter in the eleventh and final volume, which was where ERB was planning next to set his adventures. ((But ERB died.-tpg))) Since the average Martian lives 1000 years, he has plenty of time, since Carter can never remember being a child anyway, and has always, to his recollection, appeared as a man of about thirty. If this hasn't whetted your appetite for what is one of the finest fantasy pieces of its time, then you are obviously not alive anymore and should see about being buried.

Craig has promised to review The Skylark Series by "Doc" Smith next. I like to see other people's points of view, and welcome reviews by others. Still, it seems I have to come up with most of the reviews, and casting about for something I could review I recalled that I read a book day before yesterday, it was

THE MERCENARY, by Jerry Pournelle, \$1.75, Pocket Books, 223 Pages with one map. Major sections of the book previously appeared in Analog magazine. I must begin by stating that I don't like Jerry Pournelle or at least his way of doing things. His science column in Galaxy magazine, "A Step Farther Out," is often informative, but just as often it's propagandistic. He is an excellent arguer (for want of a better word), who is quite willing to ridicule his opponents in order to convince his audience. But, enough! Now that you know how I feel about Jerry Pournelle (or have at least gained an inkling), I can tell you how I feel about his book.

The Mercenary is a fascist tract. (Now that I've thrown an emotion-laden codeword at you I will now explain.) TM is the story of one John Christian Falkenberg III, born in the year 2043, who joins the Space Navy of the Co-Dominium, Earth's supra-national government. Falkenberg, whose family is associated with neither the American or Soviet governments, is doomed to remain a low-ranking officer. He transfers to the CD Marines, knowing he can rise higher there, and becomes a full colonel. Pournelle portrays the CD armed forces as the bulwark, being undermined by the politicians of a "nationalistic revival" in response to the CD, which will (covertly) save the human race from the politicians (covert) thought control. Falkenberg is a superman, who never makes a military mistake, The type of man who will save us from ourselves, by imposing discipline and order, although not

justice. (To steal a phrase from the book.) This superhero is the basis of fascism. We are lead to like Falkenberg, and the other soldiers, for their respect of the law, their clean way of doing things, and for acting as the agents of civilization. We are lead to dislike the politicians because they are corrupt, or believe that the end justifies the means. The good-guy politicians (those in favor of the peace enforced by the CoDominium) pull dirty tricks, while the bad-guy (anti-CD) politicians don't pull dirty tricks, they advocate the end of the CD which would result in war. I find the book distasteful because its message is: the end is coming, the only way you can save yourselves is by trusting in the right-thinking military, who are sworn to defend the government, and will do nothing else. Bullshit! The military is just as corrupt as the rest of the government, and the only way we're gonna save ourselves is to make the governments the voices of the people, not the puppets of the corporations, or the "military-industrial complex," whatever that is. How? I don't know. I do suggest, however, that you start thinking on the problem right away, 'cause it ain't gonna go away.

On another level, I don't think Pournelle did as good a job on predicting future weaponry as Gordon R. Dickson did in Dorsail, which stressed the effects of electronic counter-measures (ECM). Pournelle doesn't seem to have felt that weapon design would keep pace with the past thirty years (though I agree with him that future armies may well use semi-automatic weapons rather than automatics, due to the inability of an infantryman to carry enough ammunition to fire his weapon effectively if he uses spray tactics. (Herein lies the argument for laser weaponry: the only ammunition it requires can be got from a wall socket.)

Enough! On still another level, I can recommend The Mercenary as a decent adventure yarn, but it's not worth \$1.75,

(Would anyone care to respond?)

MIDWORLD, by Alan Dean Foster, Ballantine Books (now Del Rey), 213 Pages, \$1.50 (but this is an old copy). Midworld is set in the same universe as the Tar-Aiym-Krang Series (four books), and Icarigger. This is the story of an unbelievable lush planet, on which a terran colony ship is forced to land. Most of the colonists die, but some survive, coming into balance with the forest around them (Didn't I mention it? The world is covered with vegetation, 700 meters thick.) This is the story of how other humans later rediscovered the world, and how they conflicted with the world and its inhabitants. It's fun (the world Foster constructs is a lot of fun), and it didn't raise my ideological hackles as did The Mercenary. Foster isn't bad when he's writing his own stuff, but I haven't tried Splinter of the Mind's Eye, the new Star Wars novel which he authored (it's number nine on the NY Times bestseller list (for paperback). Well, if you have read all the other books in this series, read this one as well.

The Hugo award nominations have been published now, and I'm going to form a discussion group to read all the nominated materials and to talk about them so as to make intelligent choices when casting our ballots. (Just an odd note: the term "Australian ballot" isn't used to describe a weighted ballot, it describes a secret ballot. I guess they'll have to change the Dipcon selection site ballot.) Ho, hum. If anyone is interested, drop me a line, or give me a call. My number should be somewhere in this issue. I shall return.

Lipton in Space

By R.B. Lipton

I had taken to carrying a huge knife, owing to the murderers living around NYU. That was a good thing. The creature looked like St. Patrick's day spaghetti, greener than a marijuana bud and screaming like a bagpipe being run over by a truck. It was about seven feet high. I got my huge survival knife from my belt, and pulled the rubber cap off the end of the hollow handle. Bennies poured out into the palm of my hand. No time for half measures. I tossed them all down at once, no water (there were perhaps nine). Maybe there were some dexies in there too. I threw the knife aside (those bennies work quick) and prepared to meet the creature hand-to-pasta, or whatever. I started gobbling like a turkey, an old trick I learned in Arkansas. That technique really disconcerts one's opponent. The creature skirled back something, doubtless an obscenity in its native tongue. I then remembered a small quantity of itching powder I kept in a tiny plastic bag. On my dresser, at NYU. I forgot about the itching powder. The creature vanished in a shower of orange sparks.

I looked around. I was in a linen storage closet aboard the Salsoul, one huge mother of a spaceship. I got there, the hell with how I got there, I got there, I had to rescue this princess broad. I had no idea why. Maybe I was being paid. I wandered the big steely gray halls of the ship, and after about three hours with no food or water, located her cell. The door wasn't locked from the outside, and I walked in.

"Hey there! I've come to save you! I'm Robert Bryan Lipton, litterateur and publisher, bearded pipe smoker extraordinaire!"

"Oh, thank heavens!" she observed. She had blonde hair (my favorite) and blue eyes and huge...well, she looked very appealing. The door opened behind me. I whizzed to face it.

There was a guy in a tin suit about to drill me with his shooting iron. I pulled out my own .45. It was about halfway out of the holster when I remembered: I hadn't been without food, water, or sleep for three hours; it had been three days. Bennies do that to your time sense. I fell forward, the weight of my pistol yanking me down. When you go splat after a double bomb load of bennies, it feels like you've ~~leapt~~ from a Concorde with no parachute. But luckily, I hit the floor so ferociously that I rolled into the guy's legs and he alopped the floor and became unconscious (or dead, I didn't bother to check).

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"Kill me, I want to die quick," I mumbled or something like that. I felt baaaaaaad.

"What?" she hadn't heard. My instinct to live took over. I managed to say, "please look in the pouch on the outside of my right ankle. There you will find some bluish pills. Force as many of them as there are into my mouth. Thank you." I moaned. She got the happy pills and gave them to me. Oh wow. That felt better. I sprang to my feet.

"You've saved me!" she breathed, smiling.

"Peel my banana!" I said. Those blue meanies sort of affect the conscious brain a bit in the reasoning department.

"What?"

"Come on. We got that lovely sleeping couch in ~~here~~, and nothing else is doing."

Lilaf's Mailing List

The following is Lilaf's mailing list as of 27 May 1978. The codes are explained below. The list is anybody's to use, especially players in my games

Steve Bobker, 1009 87th Street, North Bergen, NJ 07047 Sub/13
 John A. Brennick, 192 Curtis Ave., Stoughton, MA 02072 T(T-G Gazette)
 Walt Buchanan, Rural Route #3, Lebanon, IN 46052 T(Diplomacy World)
 Andrew Chesler, 15 West 72nd Street, New York, NY 10023 Comp
 Andrew Cook, 807 Crescent Dr., Alexandria, VA 22303 T(Suicide)
 Greg Costikyan, 1675 York Ave., FC New York 10028 T(Urf Durfal)
 Oliver Dembling, 215 W. 88th St., New York, NY 10024 Comp
 B. R. Elliot, 12 East 88th St., New York, NY 10028 Sub/10
 Jack Gendelman, 117 Hollywood Ave., Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632 T(Eniznaf)
 Pat Gibson, 319 East 50th St., New York, NY 10021 Sub/14
 L.J.P. Gillespie, 23 Robert Allen Dr., Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3M 3G9, CANADA T(Zeppelin)
 George Goldenberg, 2541 Boundbrook Blvd., West Palm Beach, FL 33406 Sub/22
 Bob Goldman, 200 Old Army Road, Scarsdale, NY 10583 T(Moravian Dynasty)
 The Goulds, 307 Lido Beach, Lido Beach, NY 11561 Sub/13
 Bruce and Carolyn Gould, 40 West 77th St., New York, NY 10024 Comp
 Sarah Gould, Simon's Rock, TEC, Alford Rd., Great Barrington, MA 01230 Comp
 Ben Grossman, 29 East 9th St., New York, NY 10003 T(PDL)
 Adam L. Gruen, 2218-A, Shadow Valley Rd., High Point, NC 27260 Sub/21
 Walter Luc Haas, Postfach, CH-4024, Basel 24, Switzerland T(Bumm)
 Mitchell Hauser, 115 East 82nd St., New York, NY 10028 Sub/12
 Brad Hessel, 232 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011 T(Diman)
 Jerry H. Jones, 1854 Wagner St., Pasadena, CA 91107 T(Lies, Deceits, &c)
 Dave Kadlecsek, 833 Loring Ave., Crockett, CA 94525 T(Speculum)
 Alfred Kahn, 425 Riverside Dr., New York, NY 10025 Sub/10
 Adam Kasanof, 1349 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10028 Sub/11
 Ronald Kelly, Apt. 314, 6038 Richmond Highway, Alexandria, VA 22303 Sub/13
 John Kupper, 42 Martin Lane, Westbury, NY 11590 Sub/14
 Eric Ladenheim, 435-B Judson Courts, 1005 E. 60th St., Chicago, IL 60637 Sub/8!!!
 Edward Lay, 132 Edgars Lane, Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706. GM
 Joyce Leana, 61 Magnolia Ave., Mt. Vernon, NY 10553 Comp
 John Leeder, 1211 5th St., NW, Calgary, Alberta, T2M 3B6, CANADA Sub/10
 Robert Bryan Lipton, 611 East 11th St., New York, NY 10009 T(Mixumaxu Gazette)
 Victor Melucci, 773 Concourse Village East, Bronx, NY 10451 Sub/13
 John Michalski, 913 NE sixth St., Moore, OK 73160 T(Brutus Bulletin)
 John Mirassou, Rt. 2, Box 623AC, Morgan Hill, CA 95307 T(Sya-Dasti &c)
 R.L. Morton, 173 Irving Ave., Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 1Z6, CANADA Sub/20
 Gil Neiger, Apt. 11B, 300 West 108th St., New York, NY 10025 T(The Pouch)
 William C. Newell, 12734-11th Ave. NW, Seattle, Washington 98177 Sub/23
 Roger Oliver, POB 452, Benville, NJ 07834 T(Diplomatic Journal)
 Doug Reif, 67 Grosvenor Rd., Kenmore, NY 14223 T(Black Hole)
 Albert & Evelyn Richman, 56A Troy Drive, Springfield, NJ 07081 Sub/45
 Susan Roop, Box 848, Buckingham, PA 18912 Sub/8!!!
 Scott Rosenberg, 182-31 Radnor Rd., Jamaica Estates, NY 11432 Sub/9
 Alan Rowland, 52 Eighth Ave., Westwood, NJ 07675 T(The Warmonger)
 Roy Smith, 64 Addicks St., Westwood, NJ 07675 T(Brew and Reefer)
 R. Scott Smith, 1734 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10029 Comp
 Steve Smith, 1700 Johnson Rd., Apt. 27B, Petersburg, VA 23803 Sub/13
 Somtow Sucharitkul, 3815 Whispering Lane, Falls Church, VA 22041 T(Fanny Hill)

Charles R. Anshell, 1226 N. Rossell Ave., Oak Park, IL 60302 T(Against the Odds)
 Craig A. Reges, 16 W. 761 White Pines Rd., Bensenville, IL 60106 T(Against the Odds)
 Dick Trtek, 2728 SE Main, Apt. 1, Portland Oregon 97214 T(Beaucauillon)
 Tony Watson, 201 Minnesota St., Las Vegas, Nevada 89107 T(Kuritania)
 Cal White, 1 Turnberry Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6N 1P6, CANADA T(Everything)
 Don Wileman, 98 Sanderling Crescent, Lindsay, Ontario K9V 4N2, CANADA Sub/11

LIPTON IN SPACE cont. from page

"You pervert! You scum!"

"Harsh talk from one who should be disrobing with gratitude that I saved her from the vile jiggers aboard this ship."

"If it gets to that, you haven't actually saved me. We're still here, and those jiggers are still all around us."

"Well-" I was cut off as the door burst open.

To be continued

whenindisgracewithfortuneandmenseyeiallalonebeweepmyoutcaststateandtrouble

Reprinted from a can of TAB, the artificially sweetened carbonated beverage:

Use of this product may be hazardous to your health. This product contains saccharin which has been determined to cause cancer in laboratory animals.

(And people are still drinking it!)

deafheavenwithmybootlessoriesandlookuponmyselfandcursemyfatewishingmeliketo

ON READING BUMM

In Issue 34 of his zine Bumm (supposedly pronounced "Boom") Walter Luc Haas printed a plug of this zine. It focused on the article "Grilled Cheese," that appeared in number six. He suggested to Michel (perhaps Liesnard, a Belgian dippy publisher) that he write a letter introducing me to the finer points of cooking. Walter Luc Haas himself suggested I try sprinkling a little white wine on the bread, or accompanying the sandwich with a glass of white wine, instead of Coke, perhaps even with a few ice cubes. Well, Michel, I'm waiting for your letter, and Walter Luc Haas, I've sent three people to Europe with instructions to buy you a drink (white wine, or coke, whatever you prefer).

andhesaidwhenhesawwhatthewaitressputbeforehimthereyoullcomeabouncingpotatoes

ON TRYING TO MAKE THIS A DOUBLE ISSUE

I tried, but as I lost a folder of 4½ pages of material, I don't have the wherewithal to get this out today and so I may put out a non-game issue between this and the next to try to get out twelve issues before the end of my first year of publishing. By the way, I have my first anniversary coming up in the middle of July, and I'd like to see some people write in, sort of: what lilaf means to me.

whatwouldyoudoifitturnedoutazineyouwouldyoutradewouldyouloowouldyousubwhatwould

THE GAMES

1977HV

Spring 1902 "The Valinor Game"

GM: me

AUSTRIA(Kupper): NMR. Has A Gal, F Alb, Aser.
ENGLAND(Bobker): F Lvp-Iri, F Bel H, F Lon-Eng, F Nth-Nwy, A Nwy-Stp.
FRANCE(Melucci): F Por-Spa (so), A Bre-Gas, A Par-Bur, A Mar s A Par-Bur.
GERMANY(Steve Smith): F Den-Swe, A Mun-Boh, A Kie-Mun, A Hol-Ruh, A Gas H.
ITALY(Rowland): A Ven-Tyo, A Tri-Ser, F Ion-Eas, F Nap-Ion, A Tun H.
RUSSIA(Kelly): F Bot-Swe, A War-Sil, A Ukr s F Sev-Rum, F Sev-Rum
TURKEY(Gibson): A Bul-Rum, F Bla s Bul-Rum, A Gon-Bul, A Ank-Arm

Would Edward Lay (see Mailing list for his address) please submit stand-by orders for Austria?

theplotoflarrynivensneutronstarhingesontheastonishingtidalforcesexertedbyas

1977IB

Spring-Fall 1903 "The First Game" GM: me

There are a number of errors in last issue's adjudications of Spring 1903, so here are the corrections and additions.

AUSTRIA(Scott Smith): A Tvo-Tri
ENGLAND(Kahn): F Eng H
ITALY(S. Gould): A Ven-Tri
RUSSIA(Elliott): A Pru-Ber

Sorry about this one, folk. I must have been pretty zonked when I managed to do this.

tronggravitationalfieldbutweareaskedtobelievethathundredsorthousandsofyears

1977AAGx

Spring 1903 "The Trader"

GM: me

A(Costikyan): F A-Sea
B(Grossman): F B s Aish F A-Sea
C(Neiger): NMR. Has A C
D(Lipton): A D-E
E(Hessel): NMR. Has F Sea, must retreat to E or off the board.

Would Roy Smith (see Mailing List for address) please submit stand-by orders for C?

fromnowatatimeofcasualinterstellarspaceflightsuchtidalforceshavebeenforgott

DEADLINE FOR ALL GAMES IS 21 June 1978!

enweareaskedtobelievethatthefirstprobeofaneutronstarisamannedratherthanamun

The only reason I am typing this line is to surround it with linear separators of a Saganish cast.

mannedspacecraftweareaskedtobemuchinanovelofideastheideashavetoworkkindoug

My sister bought me a coke-glass shaped glass that holds 26 oz.

lastrumbullstechnicallyproficientsciencefictionfilmsilentrunningthetreesare

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for talking, and for taking a chance on an Indian restaurant; and to Greg, for returning with his mimeo.

Special Guest Credit: Robert Bryan Lipton, for coming up with a new name for the Gemignami Awards.

longtimethemzmxomefoughthesoughtsorestedhebythetuntumtreeandstoodawhileinth

THE SACKS AWARDS

is the new name for the Gemignami awards. This year's categories are: Silliest Magazine, Silliest Player (in a regular Diplomacy game), Silliest Player (in a Diplomacy variant), Silliest Writer, Silliest Press Release Series, Silliest Gamesmaster, Least Trustworthy Ally, and The Seven Silliest People in the Diplomacy Hobby.

The deadline for nominations (once more with feeling) is the 4th of July, 1978; I hope to lots of nominations. You get one nomination for each category (seven for the Seven Silliest award), and you should state your name and involvement with the Diplomacy hobby on your nominating ballot. (No, there is no ballot enclosed with Lilaf, a postcard is quite suitable.

inxanadudidkublakhanastatelypleasuredomedecreewherealpthesacredriverranth

LILAF

Thomas Philip Gould
40 West 77th Street
New York City 10024
USA

Home of the SCCAM Shell

This is a sample copy,
wanna sub or trade?_____

Your sub+credit runs out_____

We are trading✓

You are signed up for a game_____

See Page 5, 12

Your sub has run out! Write
something or send \$\$\$_____

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED,
RETURN POSTAGE GUARRANTEED.

FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST CLASS MAIL FIRST

Craig - you've got \$1 in credit, do you want some back issues?

CREDITS: Walter Lee for what I consider a very nice plug in issue; Melinda for getting for me a very nice glass; the Gotham market for selling it for 60¢ a quart; the APP for coming up with a bearable History exam; Ted, for putting a morgul blade near my heart, and then taking it out; Scott, Ed, Mark, and Ben for a nice afternoon outing in New Jersey; Roger for what looks to be a very nice t-shirt; Mr. Mimeo, for opening up shop so I could buy the paper to run this off, when he had already closed for the afternoon; to Scott for letting me read about "Neq the Glokenspiel;" to the artist who drew the poster of a small demon and a mage, for the inspiration for this issue's opener; for Tom Hamilton,



On successor to Mercury, speed this packet to:

Craig A. Reyes
16 W. 761 White Pines Rd.
Bensenville, Illinois
60106